


171.  
 opportunity. Mr. Harris's friends soon suspected by his not keeping seasonable hours as he used to do; they contrived to send him a journey for a month, thinking by that means if there was any close union it might some how or other be discovered. He therefore acquainted her on what and where he was ordered, and bid her make herself easy; at this she could not contrive what to think, her mind was distracted; and though he had given her the strongest assurances of his love and fidelity, she was not easy, she was too sensible what a precipice she stood upon, and not a friend in the world she dare tell her mind to, not even her mother. This must be a great trouble to her, she was forced to smother her perplexed thoughts in her own Breast, which is the greatest affliction to the human mind; in short, dear Lady, her countenance soon shewed her disease, but not the least intimation of her case was known.

After he had been gone about a week, she received a letter from him, which somewhat allayed her ardent wishes for his return, though, unfortunate Lady, she had something hung very heavy on her mind, she could no ways shake off; alas, she had parted with that which could never be returned, and the only means to save her from public disgrace, was his fidelity and honour.

Thus, in uneasy thoughts, past every tedious hour 'till his return, and according to the appointment of his letter he came, on purpose to enjoy her company a day or two, without letting any body know he was in town. His presence dispelled the present fear from her mind, and she  
 C  was

was glad she had another opportunity to let him know how much she desired him to finish what he knew was not done, and till then she could receive no real peace of mind. He told her she might rest contented, and be assured whatever she requested. should be done.

He then went home to his father, as though just come off his journey, without the least suspicion of having been at Mrs. Ward's, nevertheless, his friends were continually teasing him, and challenging, with still keeping company with Miss Ward, and that they should leave him nothing if he did: On the other hand, Miss Polly, in fact his Wife, by the ties of love and promise, was constantly urging him to keep his word, which he now, being diffident for fear of a discovery, could not find an opportunity to perform, so that in short, both their minds were a burden for them to bear. To think of their distress, my tears almost prevent my pursuing the fatal history; yet as truths, shocking as these are, may warn the unexperienced, and teach the unwary how cautious they should be, I will endeavour to finish.

Miss Ward, or rather Mrs. Harris, grew now very big with child, and kept up from seeing any body; she thus continually desired Mr. Harris, that if ever he intended to make her or himself happy, to marry her at once, and be satisfied as to the small fortune he had got in his own hands, and added, she had rather work for him with ease of mind than live as she did, or with the enjoyment of all he was in hopes of.

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He told her she need not doubt his fidelity and love, that he would ever be her comforter, and that he could say no more, and as to his fortune, it was but forty pounds a year. He still pressed her for a little patience. Something would soon turn out to their advantage. From this very moment she began to think of destroying herself and she soon found an opportunity. No tongue can express the horror of mind she was continually in upon this occasion, she could no longer withstand her misery; her mother did not know the cause, she being with child, and near the time of her delivery, was certainly the cause of her fatal end; for one evening after she had embraced her mother with more than ordinary tenderness, she went up stairs, and there cut her throat.

This fatal circumstance happening, the whole was soon known to the world, which shortly after broke the heart of Mrs. Ward. Thus how soon a family is undone, either for want of caution, or trusting too much to promises. We hope, by this example, all who hear this dismal story, will endeavour to avoid the same unhappy circumstances.

BEAUMONT





# B E A U M O N T,

## O R T H E

### G E N E R O U S L O V E R.

**M**R. Hulatt, a Gentleman of great fortune, and formerly shone with distinguished lustre at the bar, by his integrity and excellence in his profession, he had gained no small share of Wealth, which being added to a very fine estate his father-left him at his death, made him immensely rich. He had only one son, named Beaumont, a young Gentleman adorned with every perfection that does honour to human nature, he had an excellent taste for music, painting, and the belles lettres; he danced admirably, had great skill in fencing, understood perfectly the customs and manners of different nations, was well versed in human nature, was possessed of as many excellencies, and was as free from foibles as youth possibly could be, for he was not quite twenty.

With these amiable and shining qualifications, it is no wonder he should be the delight of his father, and the favourite of his neighbours. The old gentleman was perfectly wrapped up in his son, and could not look upon him without the most sensible pleasure.

One



One morning as he was in his room, he called Beaumont to him, and surveying him with a truly parental affection, spoke to him as follows, " Son, you cannot be unconscious of the tender affection I have borne you; I am every day more and more delighted with your growing virtues, nor can I reproach you with a single act you have ever done to displease me. But now, Beaumont, continued he, it is time for you to alter your condition, I mean of entering into the matrimonial state, you are of age, and by acting as prudently in this new scene of life as you have hitherto done in others, I shall with pleasure see my name perpetuated, and my child happy."

Beaumont answered his father in the most dutiful and respectful manner he could. He told him he had such a true affection for him as a man, independent of his duty to him as a father, that he would obey him whenever a fit opportunity presented itself, but at present he had never thought seriously of so weighty an affair. With this prudent answer Mr. Hulatt was satisfied, and dismissed him.

Soon after, on account of Beaumont's being of age, the old gentleman gave a ball to the neighbouring gentry; his house was gloriously illuminated with wax lights, the bells rung, and nothing but mirth and jollity was seen.

To this ball, among others, came a gentleman, whom I shall name Urban, he had in his youth been a very accomplished person, and bred up in expectation of a large fortune, but it unfortunately happened, that his parents had sustained  
great

great losses, he was at length obliged to retire into the country upon a small pittance of scarce sixty pounds a year.

With this, however, being an excellent œconomist, he lived genteel, and was respected by every body; but as he was restrained to a very narrow scene of life, he lived more like a philosopher than a man conversant in the affairs of the world, yet his obscurity could not conceal his merit.

Mr. Urban had a Sister in London, a Widow of a large fortune, who being childless, had taken Cleora his daughter, and bred her up as her own. The old gentleman had been accustomed to go there every third year to see her, but as he had lately resolved against it, yet had a great desire of seeing Cleora, he wrote for her to come into the country to stay with him a few months.

To this ball came Cleora with her Father; at her entrance all the company seemed astonished, but none more than Beaumont; he was as one thunder struck, his eyes were never off her, nor indeed was it to be wondered at; for this is but a very faint description of her charms. Her hair was a chesnut brown, her complexion fair; in her countenance a sensibility appeared quite incredible, and a sweetness, whenever she smiled, which beggared all imitation or description; her eyes were black and sparkling, her forehead high, her eye-brows arched, and rather full than otherwise, her nose a little inclining to the Roman, which gave her a look full of dignity, a mouth on which every grace seemed to sit, her teeth white,  
and

and even, lips not inferior to the coral in colour; or down in softness, her neck white and beautiful, her breasts inexpressibly ravishing, her shape delicately fine, and delightfully pleasing, and over her whole form appeared irresistible charms which intirely subdued the hearts of the spectators, and gave them an invincible pleasure.

With these personal graces, these attractive accomplishments, we may reasonably conclude, that had they refrained their admirations, they must have been mere brutes, insensible of the powers of beauty, and unconscious of the charms of the fair sex, but there is no describing the pleasure that Beaumont took in looking at her, he gazed, and gazed, till his heart followed his eyes, and could not be recalled. At length, fearing the company would take notice of him, he went to Mr. Urban, and thanked him for the honour of his company, and the young lady's, who, continued he, had I the happiness of knowing, I should endeavour to thank as I ought.

Mr Urban told him she was his daughter, who being always bred in London, under an affectionate aunt, and being desirous of seeing her, yet unwilling to go there any more, he had ordered her to come into the country. Beaumont then entered into conversation with him on various subjects; but his eyes and thoughts were never off Cleora.

The ball being very near beginning, Beaumont begged the favour of dancing with Cleora, which Mr. Urban readily granted. The young lady was delivered into his hands, and Mr. Hu-

latt



latter now coming up to her father, after mutual salutations, the old gentlemen entered into close discourse together, but on what subject *I* have never been able to learn with any certainty, yet from the known disposition of old people, *I* apprehend it might be inveighing against the vices of the age, praising times of yore, and discoursing on politics.

Beaumont, now happy in his partner, was blessed to his heart's desire; how earnestly did he gaze on his fair Cleora? how did his eyes shoot forth the glory of his soul! how did his tongue lavish encomiums on her beauty, and grow wanton in her perfections: But Cleora, to whom such actions and discourse were familiar, took but little notice of them; not but what we must suppose such a young gentleman as Beaumont talked in a different style from the common talk of our modern youths; but Cleora, whose prudence and good sense had determined her to pay no regard to any, but who was approved of by her father, was steeled against what should be said to her; Though she did not implicitly believe all that Beaumont said to her, she could not be blind to his sweet manner of discourse, and was as much ravished with his skill in dancing as he was hers.

How short did that long evening seem to our lovers, the rapid hours flew away like flashes of lightning, he could eternally talk to and look on Cleora.

The ball was now finished, and to his great regret, Mr. Urban and his daughter soon after took

took their leave. With eager eyes the love-struck Beaumont follows his mistress; his heart is still with her, but alas, he dare not follow her.

The company being all gone, Beaumont wished his father good night, retired to his chamber, but not to sleep, even all the live long night he thinks of Cleora, and even denies himself rest.

While the dull solemn sons of stupidity, free from the power of weighty love, consign themselves to the god of sleep, and enjoy the undisturbed repose, this accomplished youth thinks on his charming partner; he revives in his mind all her charms, and the discreet answers she made to his discourse. These beauties rivetted her still closer to him, and he is determined to pursue her; for though external beauties may for a while fire in his breast, yet the mental accomplishments with which Cleora is endued, entirely ravished his.

The night, though he had been thinking on her, had never seemed so long. How often did he wish Phaeton would take the reins of day from Aurora, and drive her fiery horses with more than common speed, but in vain. At length the morning appeared, when rising from his bed, his heart hurried him to Mr. Urban's house, without his determining where to go.

Being now drawn near the happy spot, he paused on a sudden — ‘ What am I doing ? ’ says the youth ; ‘ Am I acting prudently to fly to one  
‘ at this early time of morn, whom I scarcely  
‘ know, and who may probably be pre-engaged  
‘ to some more happy man ? — Certainly no.

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After

After reasoning the affair pro and con for some hours, at last love discovered, and he was at Mr. Urban's door, just as he and his daughter were at breakfast. The old gentleman asked Beaumont if he had breakfasted, who answered in the negative; he sat down with them, and entered in a deep conversation with each other, he conceived a greater opinion of Mr. Urban than ever he had before, the reason of which I presume appears pretty obvious.

They had not talked a great while together, before Mr. Urban withdrew, to speak to a gentleman on particular business, which gave Beaumont an opportunity of declaring his passion, which he did in such a manner, that Cleora blushing, was about to make a favourable answer, had not her father that instant returned; for Beaumont did not follow the example of modern heroes of romance, who when left alone with their mistresses, are so awed with the excess of the passion, their tongues cannot declare the sentiments of their hearts; far from it, he poured out his love for her in such passionate, such elegant expressions, as that tender passion can alone inspire its votaries with Beaumont, though he had the highest respect for Mr. Urban, yet at that time would have thought his absence more agreeable than his company.

After a few days were past, in which time Beaumont revolved in his breast, the unsurmountable obstacles that stood in his way, in his intended and much desired union with Cleora. No longer able to be deprived of seeing her, and willing



ling at once to declare the ardent and fixed affection he had for her, he sent her the following letter :

• Dear Madam,

• SINCE I have had the pleasure of seeing  
 • you, I have never ceased to reflect on the many  
 • perfections, which you so eminently possess.  
 • The excess of affection which the first moment  
 • I saw you, I could not help thinking of, was  
 • surely impossible to be concealed ! for though  
 • my tongue was silent to the pleasing theme ;  
 • yet my eyes, the faithful interpreter of my  
 • heart, must have informed you no less power-  
 • fully than I felt. The faint expressions I gave  
 • of my sensations the next day after, was so in-  
 • adequate, that, pardon me, Madam, that I could  
 • not resist this occasion of telling you how I love.  
 • My pen is not sufficient to declare the excess  
 • of my passion ; for alas ! my dearest Cleora, no  
 • words can paint, no language support, no  
 • tongue can utter how I love you. To-morrow  
 • I must do myself the pleasure of seeing you, in  
 • expectation of that happy, happy hour, I re-  
 • main, my dear Cleora's,

ever faithful Lover,

• BEAUMONT.'

This letter was sent by his servant, who on his return, told his master he had delivered into Cleora's hands, who returned no other answer than her compliments.

In the afternoon of the next day, he waited on her, but unfortunate for him, Mr. Urban was  
 at

at home, he was therefore obliged to talk on indifferent subjects, and after staying a few hours withdrew.

Three or four times more did Beaumont wait on Cleora, before he had an opportunity of meeting with her alone, but at last kind fortune favoured him. Mr. Urban was gone to a neighbouring gentleman, who wanted to consult him in an affair of the last importance, and was not expected home till the evening. This fortunate opportunity Beaumont embraced; he threw himself at her feet, and by every word and gesture, so powerfully evinced his love, and shewed his sincerity, that the fair one could but believe him, yet concealing her sentiments as far as she could, she told him that she could not give any direct answer, but that their fathers should be consulted in affairs of so great importance; and without their consent, she could not on any account dispose of herself, or indeed give any kind of answer. To this prudent speech, Beaumont answered, that his love was so pure, that could she but know his sincerity, she could not be so severe to him, and was he certain he was not indifferent to her, he should be happy,

With these and many other arguments, Beaumont so softened his fair Cleora, that at last with a sigh she confessed a mutual love. The youth was so transported with the generous declaration, that in the height of his extacy he proposed a marriage in secret; but this the prudent maiden would not consent to. She told him that when ever his father heard of it, he would be irritated,  
that

that the consequences would be fatal, that he might depend on her love, and when a fit opportunity presented itself, she would be wholly his, but was determined not to engage in so weighty an affair, without her father's knowledge, and as Beaumont's duty was as justly due to his father, as hers to Mr. Urban, if he should reflect ever so little, he could not think of such an affair, without the consent of parents.

Beaumont, transported with her prudence and love, tenderly embraced her, and told her that her sentiments were right, and that he would solicit his father's consent, without which he must certainly be unhappy.

In this manner did the young couple employ the happy hour, till her father arrived, when the love-struck Beaumont was obliged to withdraw, and for a time leave his fair Cleora.

Day after passed without Beaumont being able to desire his father's consent; in the mean time the greatest misfortune happened to Mr. Urban, a banker, in whose hands almost all his fortune lay went off, and no account could be got of him. A long time had now rolled away since Beaumont had first resolved to obtain his father's consent, 'till one day after dinner, Mr. Hulat happened to be in a more than usual good humour, Beaumont discovered his unalterable love for Cleora; he told his father he could not live without her, and begged him to give consent to the marriage. The old gentleman had scarcely patience to hear him out, and started from his chair in a furious mood, upbraiding him for his mean way of thinking,



ing, as he called it, and threatened to disinheri-  
him, if he mentioned it any more.

The next morning, unable to keep away from  
his dear Cleora, he paid her a visit, and while he  
was informing her of what had happened, his  
servant came to him in a violent hurry, and infor-  
med him that his father was suddenly taken with  
an apoplective fit, and was so very ill, that he could  
live but a short time.

Beaumont, no sooner acquainted with his fa-  
ther's danger, then he immediately flew home, and  
found him in the parlour upon a couch, so ex-  
ceeding bad, that the physician who arrived there  
before him, pronounced he could live but a few  
hours.


Beaumont, notwithstanding his father's harsh-  
ness, was much grieved when he expired. He  
hoped he would soon have consented to the joining  
of those hands whose hearts were long before unit-  
ed, but death that threw its black veil before him,  
prevented Beaumont's hope, and left it altogether  
undoubtful.

The funeral of Mr. Hulatt being over, and  
Beaumont having for decency sake, staid a pro-  
per time, he went to Mr. Urban, and revealed to  
him his love for his daughter. Mr. Urban was  
amazed; sure said he, you are not in earnest? a  
man of your immense fortune, in love with Cle-  
ora! Can you whom thousands would think  
themselves happy with, place your affections on  
a poor girl? Cleora now coming in, prevented  
an answer. Beaumont throwing his arms around  
her neck, was so transported, so lost in extacy,  
that

that he could only pronounce—My dear Cleora; now will We never part more; now will We firmly link our hearts together, with that honourable tie of matrimony, and live in harmony and love for ever.

Mr. Urban was astonished, and stood like a statue of surprize, but Beaumont, that faithful and generous lover, now coming to himself, informed Mr. Urban of their mutual love. Mr. Urban could not cease his surprize, while the lovely Cleora was so transported with the continuance of his affection, who was so dear to her, that she resigned herself up to the most perfect joy.

A few days after this put Beaumont in the possession of the most lovely of her sex; and these faithful lovers who had suffered so many sensations by the unnatural cruelty of a father, whose heart was wholly set upon grandeur and riches, without once considering love the chief ingredient of conjugal happiness, now find their constancy amply rewarded by the lasting pleasures of virtuous and mutual love, and they daily experience in each others arms, those joys which none but true lovers can feel or conceive.



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